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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street—It BARKER.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—MARTINA—My

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The Soule Affair and its Complications—Very Interesting Disclosures from Washington.

Our special cablegram from Washington, which we published yesterday, threw considerable additional light upon the mysteries and complications of the Soule imbroglio. Our information from London concerning this affair is confirmed, and especially has that at the bottom of all the diplomatic squabbles of Soule, and the Congress at Ostend that is a deep-laid filibustering, revolutionary plot for the Presidency, involving first, the expulsion of Marcy from the State Department and the transfer of Buchanan to the State; and secondly, a platform of the most repulsive and monstrous for the Presidential campaign.

From the evening upon which Soule was confirmed by the Senate, it was evident that his role as a diplomat would be that of a filibustering agitator. His confirmation was followed by a filibustering episode and a debate on the same night. On the eve of his departure from New York, the Cuban Junta and the "Order of the Lone Star" were upon him at his hotel, in the form of a patriotic procession, brim full of "manifest destiny." They had banners and transparencies, and a large number of men, all distinctly pointing to another Lopez invasion under the auspices of our warlike minister of Spain. His speech on that occasion inflamed their enthusiasm to the highest pitch. They started the neighborhood with their lusty yells and cheerings. One of their transparencies declared that Cuba,

And a spectator of the scene could only conclude that they were in earnest, and that Pierre Soule, though *de jure* the minister of the United States to Spain, was *de facto* the emissary of the filibusters, under cover of a commission from the government.

With these endorsements of the character of our ambassador, and the great object of his mission, he arrived at Paris. There he appears to have made it a point to establish the same conviction that inspired the order of the "Lone Star" procession of Broadway. At Paris he is reported to have publicly boasted: "Yes, my mission is Cuba. With one hundred millions in my right hand, and war in the left, I shall present myself to the Queen of Spain, and shall simply ask her Majesty to look at these and take her choice." His arrival in Madrid was the beginning of a series of diatribes and misunderstandings all in keeping with the threats of our Cuban Junta procession, and all manifestly directed to the great end of fomenting international discord, a war policy, and a war party for the Presidency.

Matters were brought to a critical pass—our minister was at the point of calling for his passports, when the E-partero revolution came to his relief. Under the general instructions of Marcy for reparation touching the Black Warrior case, and other offences against our commerce and our citizens in Cuba, our billicose minister had brought negotiations to a dead halt, by putting in his ultimatum and giving twelve hours to the Spanish government for an answer—twelve hours, and no more. Driven to this extremity, the summary demand of our agent has met with a pointed negative. He was then about to apply for his passports, when the revolution took place, and established a new order of things. Marcy, thereupon, sent out his instructions to Soule, to re-open negotiations upon the basis of argument and reason, and a pacific international policy.

These instructions, it is reported, Soule opened and read, and thrust into the bottom of his breeches pocket. He knew better what he was about than Marcy. He had quite another game to play. He was again about to pack up and return home, to expose to an indignant people the pusillanimous policy and instructions of Marcy, with all the documentary evidence; but he would await the issues of the revolution. In the meantime our minister, with others at Madrid, was prudently invisible to the naked eye. The revolution was successful, a new cabinet was established, and the diplomatic corps at the Spanish capital resumed their official functions, excepting our terror-inspiring ambassador. He had other fish to fry. Under strange rumors of being *particeps criminis* in an attempt at a counter revolution among the lowest strata of Madrid, Mr. Soule left the city for the Pyrenees and for France. Arrived in France, he was followed by a government spy. The spy was detected, and he apologized. The diplomatic caucuses with Buchanan, Mason, Dudley Mann, Sickles, Sanders, and others, at Ostend, Brussels, A-la-Chapelle, and other places, for all that we know, followed. Dudley Mann and Sickles posted thence, as fast as steam could carry them, to Washington; and on arriving there, the world was first apprised that we were to have Cuba in less than six months.

In the interval we find Soule in London, throwing dust in the eyes of Buchanan, and amusing himself with Sanders, Kossuth, and the Continental rangers. Next we hear that our active plenipotentiary has been stopped short at Calais, by order of Louis Napoleon, and sent back to London. This was the very thing for a first-rate quarrel with France. But the sport was spoiled. Buchanan and Mason were too fast. While our cotemporaries are discussing the law of nations on the subject, the interdict is revoked, and Mr. Soule is free to pass through France.

Such is the outline of the diplomatic history of our minister to Spain, from his confirmation by the Senate to the recall of the interdict of Calais. The chinks might be filled up with rumors and gossip involving the Empress Eugenie, Queen Victoria, Christina, Isabella and other distinguished people, but they are the mere incidents in the plot. It is with the main plot that we are dealing. We have brought it down to the revocation of the exclusion of our hero from France. But does the trouble end here? We fear not.

The Cabinet organ at Washington expresses the hope that Louis Napoleon will follow up his retractations with a satisfactory apology for the original offence. As we are in armed, however, that he has already disavowed any intention of giving offence to our government, the unfinished part of the business is between Soule and the French Emperor—a personal affair. But here is a fair margin for renewed difficulties and diplomatic complications. Soule has ability, tact, shrewdness and unlimited pluck. His aids are the younger diplomats at London and elsewhere, and with these he may yet compass his object of the desired rupture with France and Spain, and an out-and-out war policy on the part of our administration.

This being achieved, Marcy will be superseded in the State Department by Buchanan. Cuba will be annexed within six months, "no matter how," and the administration party, under the lead of Soule, Sanders, Sickles and

Kossuth, will sweep the field in the Presidential campaign with the overwhelming political platform of a general war. The programme is complicated, but it is systematic and subtle. It works well. The diplomatic league of Soule overrules the Marcy Cabinet. We are not expecting some curious, exciting and stirring intelligence by the next steamer.

THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS VERSUS THE CLERGY AND LAITY.—We published yesterday's Herald account of the serious difficulty which occurred last week at Hartford between the Catholic laity of that city and their bishop, on the occasion of the funeral of Father Brady, one of the oldest and most respected clergymen in the diocese. Father Brady, it appears, took up his residence in Hartford about twenty years ago, at a time when it was little better than a good sized village, and when the Catholics were very few in number. Up to the period of his death he had been noted for his numerous acts of charity, for his untiring zeal for the spiritual welfare of his flock, and had gained the respect of all sects for his character as a man and a Christian. Owing almost entirely to his unwearying exertions, the Catholics of Hartford boasted of one of the finest churches in New England, and they had long been accustomed to regard him with all the love and veneration which devoted children entertain for their parents. The old man was happy in the contemplation of the success which attended his labors, and might now reasonably hope to end his days in peace and comfort among his flock. But an event took place which brought him in sorrow to the grave, and created the greatest excitement in the Catholic community. It was found necessary, in consequence of the great increase of the Catholic population, to have a bishop residing in Hartford, who should signalize his appearance by making several changes in the condition of the church. He ordered Father Brady to give up his own house and reside with him; but this he refused to do, and he was sustained in his refusal by the laity. Then there was some difficulty in relation to the control of the church property, which the bishop succeeded, to some extent, in obtaining. Incensed, however, at the opposition which he had met with, he was determined to be revenged on him whom he considered to be the cause of it.

One night as Father Brady attempted to enter the church for the purpose of procuring some holy water for a dying parishioner, he was refused admittance by the sexton, acting under the orders of the bishop. This was too much—more than the good old priest could bear; he felt indignant at being denied ingress into the church which had been erected mainly by his exertions, and for a moment giving way to his excited feelings he struck the sexton in the face. The blow was returned by the official, who subsequently appealed to the bishop. It is almost needless to say that he was sustained in what he did by the despotic prelate, who immediately suspended Father Brady, putting in his place the Rev. Mr. Hughes. This was a terrible blow to the hopes which he had cherished—more than he could survive. A few days after Father Brady died of cholera, the disease doubtless superinduced by the mental anguish which he had suffered. But the enmity of the bishop survived his death, and he even refused to allow his remains to be buried near the church, as he had requested. A large concourse attended his funeral; but the grave which had been prepared was found filled up, and the church closed, to prevent the celebration of the ceremonies. The people, however, opened the church, and a priest from a neighboring town, a friend of the deceased, said the prayers for the dead. The grave was re-opened, and the remains of Father Brady were deposited in it without further difficulty.

We call particular attention to this outrage, as one of a series which have been committed within the last few years by the hierarchy of the Catholic church upon the clergy and laity, and because we regard it as the commencement of a revolution which must end in checking the almost unlimited power and authority of the former. The prelates of that church have for many years past been endeavoring to obtain exclusive possession and control of the church property, and it was for the accomplishment of that design that the late Provincial Council was held at St. Patrick's cathedral in this city. Archbishop Hughes also attempted to get a law passed through our Legislature, giving to bishops the legal right, under our constitution, to hold church property in their own name, irresponsible of trustees or corporations, and we believe his present mission to Rome has the same object in view. They are destined, however, eventually, to defeat; for there appears to be a determination on the part of the Catholic laity to oppose to the utmost this infringement of their rights. We have seen what the mission of the Papal Nuncio, Bedini, has led to in St. Louis and other parts of the country, and if the hierarchy persist in their recent arbitrary course, it will lead to the most disastrous results to the interests of the Catholic church in the United States. These are perilous times to raise such issues, when the Know Nothings are in the ascendant, and the encroachments of the spiritual upon the temporal authority and the rights of the people are regarded with the most jealous feelings.

BARNUM'S LAST DODGE.—The fifty cent "Life of Little Bunkum," a shilling pamphlet, crude, as if done up at a day's notice, cuts and all, against which Barnum has applied for an injunction, is supposed to be a "cute trick" of the "Yankee showman," a la Peter Pan, for advertising the life of Barnum—written by himself. The burlesque, if this be the case, is a decoy duck, a stool pigeon, a life show to the great manager. Sold at fifty cents, it will, perhaps, give the reader a taste for the real thing. Every lion has his jackal. But in this case, if the drama is of a piece with the prologue, it will be a very stupid affair. Some few who patronize the Museum may take Chevalier Barnum's life; others of the Fouriérist faith may prefer Greeley's; but, for the common showman and the dirty philosopher, the Chevalier Wilkoff must carry off the palm. Wilkoff comes in the nick of time. His life, between those of his two competitors will be like a Drummond reflector between two tallow candles. Wilkoff's is the thing.

THE NEXT WISKEY.—BRING OUT YOUR HORSES.—A paper in Herkimer flies the flag of Benton for the Presidency; the Know Nothings are talking of Sam Houston, of Texas; of Jacob Broom and Henry S. Mot, of Pennsylvania; of Clayton, of Delaware, and others—the Seward coalition have betrayed their man—the old line democrats talk of Dickinson, the administration

free rollers of Marcy, and the conservative whigs, leaning to the Know Nothings, have a preference for Fillmore. The track is clear. The course is open. Bring out your horses.

Political Results of the Recent Elections.—Necessity for a Fusion of Parties.

The singular success which has attended every movement of the Know Nothings, and the triumphant manner in which they have carried local elections throughout the country, have naturally led to some general agitation among the lodges with respect to the choice of a candidate for the Presidency. On one side it is said that Sam Houston, of Texas, has been instrumental in founding four or five hundred lodges, and has, therefore, some claims upon the party. The name of General Scott is freely mentioned by others. It is said that the old soldier has likewise been diverting himself by founding Know Nothing lodges; and his friends assert that he deeply regrets having allowed himself to be so far led astray by Mr. Seward. In 1852, as to complicate the Irish brogue and the German faderland. On the naturalization laws, he has now reverted to his former opinions, which were expressed in his letter of 1841. Nor are Mr. Fillmore's adherents idle. He, too, we are given to understand, undertook his journey to the South for the purpose of founding Know Nothing lodges, and succeeded so well as to gain a large body of proselytes for the order. These gentlemen, together with others occupying less prominent stations, are now proposed in various quarters as likely men to run for the Presidency in 1856; and the discussion of their respective merits seems to be the most notable fruit of the recent elections in the North.

There is a want of comprehensiveness in this manner of viewing the great upheavals which have taken place during the recent elections. The victory in Massachusetts, and the great vote polled for Fillmore, are undoubtedly very noteworthy facts; they certainly indicate a strength among the Know Nothings which few people suspected; but there are many things to be considered, many questions to be adjusted, before it will be either sensible or safe to turn our attention to the relative merits of individuals. Two points are placed beyond dispute by the late elections. In the first place, Mr. Seward is utterly shattered and overthrown. Instead of sweeping the State, as his friends prophesied he would, a full two-thirds vote was polled against his ticket; and the election of his Governor—who had the temperance vote to back him—is yet uncertain, though his opponent had to contend throughout the canvass against the odium attaching to the administration candidate. If Myron H. Clark had stood on the Seward anti-Nebraska platform alone, and had not enjoyed any temperance support; or if Horatio Seymour had not been identified with the federal government and had not been suspected of affinity for Pierce and his cabinet, there cannot be a question but the former would have been as badly beaten as Bronson. It is so clear now that three-fourths of the people of this State are opposed to Mr. Seward, opposed to the Saratoga platform, and opposed to the further agitation of the Nebraska law, that Mr. Seward's prospects for the Presidency may be regarded as completely annihilated, and even his chance of a second Senatorial term most materially injured. This is the first "moral" of the election. The second is equally obvious. The elections of 1854 have demonstrated beyond question the utter destruction of the old whig and democratic parties. The volcano of native Americanism has overwhelmed them in its last eruption as completely and as permanently as Vesuvius overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Both are now mere ruins and rubbish, to be collected together and swept out of sight before the work of reconstruction begins.

Having got thus far—the elections show—having completely destroyed our old idols, the question is what images shall we set up in their stead? What rival parties are to succeed whigism and democracy? Who shall stand upon the corpse of Seward? On what principles can the nation be divided, so as to constitute two great national parties?

These are momentous questions: questions which those who pretend to direct the public mind have as yet made little progress in attempting to solve. It is clear that the old principles can serve us little in the emergency. The nation cannot be divided on the subject of the bank, the tariff, or internal improvements. Nor can any one of the new principles serve, singly, as the basis of a general division of politics. Anti-slavery cannot, for the recent elections—which, in fact, only confirm the fluctuations given by the two last presidential contests—show that the abolitionists constitute a mere fraction of the people, as contemptible in numbers as in spirit. Temperance, or rather total abstinence, and the principle of a prohibitory law cannot, for they are at best narrow, sectarian notions, which may prevail for a while in small localities, but can never acquire national importance. Finally, native-Americanism cannot, for it does not yet possess the mature strength required for national contests. And if its aims were directed towards such objects, personal rivalries would be sure to divide its ranks and destroy its power. It may, and the chances are that it will carry most of the local elections this year; but for its leaders to aim at the Presidency would be to ruin the party. Not one of these three factions can reasonably expect, at present, to become singly a great national party, or to elect the next President.

What then is the net result of an aggregate view of the state of politics and parties? Simply the old fable of the arrows which, united, resisted all the efforts of the archer to break them, but separate snapped in an instant. All parties, however dissimilar in their origin, have some points in common, and must be some point on which all the various elements we have enumerated must be fused—can combine, and sweep the field in the next Presidential election, just as Jackson swept it in 1828, and Harrison in 1840. If such a point can be found, undoubted success awaits the Know Nothings and the other new parties which are now looking to the Presidency; if it cannot—if a compromise cannot be effected—none of the new factions can reasonably entertain a hope of carrying the country or electing a President in 1856, and the final triumph of that period may rest with the tricksters at Washington or be left wholly to chance.

Where then can a platform for a grand coalition be erected? Nowhere with so great a prospect of success as on a basis of opposition to the folly and the imbecility and the corruption of the present administration at Washington. Our history affords two examples of combinations, on a similar basis, both of which were perfectly successful. It was by means of a combination against the folly and imbecility of the administration of Adams that Jackson

was placed in the Presidential chair. It was through a combination of the best materials in the country against the folly, imbecility and corruption of the Van Buren administration that General Jackson was elected by an enormous majority in 1840. A similar combination today would have far better reasons to urge, and far greater chances of success. In folly, in wickedness, in corruption, in treason to the welfare of the country, the present administration is far beyond that of Adams, and leaves that of Van Buren in the distance. Even the proverbially contemptible administration of Tyler seems respectable by the side of that of Franklin Pierce.

Distant Thunder.—The rum on the ship-plaster and rotten banks.

AMUSEMENTS IN NEW YORK.—It is a remarkable fact in the history of this republic notwithstanding all the croaking about hard times, the people have always found money enough to pay for such amusements as tend to refine, enlighten, and instruct humanity. As a proof of this, we may point to the programmes put forth by the several places of public amusement in this city to-night.

The winter season—it is not too much to call it the carnival season—has fairly commenced—the elections are over, the country is safe for a while, and the people are ready to give a little time to healthful relaxation. The New York managers, who are by no means fools, are ready to take this tide at its flood, and the amusement column of the Herald shows the results.

The opera has always been a favorite amusement in New York, and even mediocre talent in this line has received more than its proper reward. To-night we are to be treated with two English operas ("Maritana" at the Broadway theatre and "The Syren" at Niblo's), and the Italian opera ("Il Barbiere di Siviglia") at the Academy. The English opera has been triumphant thus far, and the Louisa Pyne troupe has netted a great deal of money, thus proving what we have said a great many times: that although English opera might be profitable, Italian opera would not be supported in the United States. We see that even in Europe, where there is a moneyed aristocracy to patronize the opera, that its managers are generally used up by two or three seasons; and if people who are educated to the opera will not support it, how can its directors hope to secure general patronage in a country where the taste for such a luxury as the grand opera is yet to be engendered?

The English opera has been supported better than the Italian, because the simple ballads and plain instrumentation of the former awaken responses in a thousand hearts upon which the highly wrought effects of the Italian school fall without an answering chord. We believe that the success of the Louisa Pyne troupe proves this theory (which is by no means a new one with us) to be entirely true.

But whether or not the opera is supported here, it is true that there is more money expended in New York for theatrical and musical entertainments than in any other city in the world, not excepting Paris. It is not too much to say that in the month of September the gross receipts of our theatres were greater than those of the gay capital; and we do not believe that in any European city there is presented to-night so varied and attractive a programme as that which is put forth by the New York managers. Inasmuch as this fondness for amusement tends to bring out all that is good, lovable, refining and admiring in our natures, we hail it as another proof of the sure and safe progress of the race towards the goal of perfection. Philosophers would fain worry us with their insane theories. They preach, but the people take their own way to bring about the same results. The people are right.

DISSOLVING VIEW.—The administration victory in our late election.

EAR TIDE.—The drain of specie to Europe.

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Highly Important from Washington.

THE SOULE AFFAIR.—BACKING OUT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—THE SOULE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MARCY.—BUCHANAN TO BE PUT IN HIS PLACE ON A WAR FOOTING.—LOOK OUT FOR THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19, 1854. The administration are astonished with the news received by the Asia. They have official advices confirming the Herald's report of the backing out of Louis Napoleon in the Soule affair. Pierce affects extreme delight; but Marcy suspects there is something still behind. And so there is. It is covered up in the following advices received here by the last steamer—

A very valuable despatch has come to hand from Buchanan touching our relations with France, in connection with the Sandwich Islands, Cuba, the Dillon affair at San Francisco, the St. Domingo intrigues and the Soule question. "Old Buck," in this despatch, urges the most decisive measure—a powerful navy—the immediate annexation of Cuba, at all hazards. No time to be lost. We must defy France—England will stand off; and in defying France we may frighten Spain out of the island—"the ever faithful island of Cuba." He opposes any immediate action concerning the Sandwich Islands. They will keep. He goes for Cuba before anything else, and to the exclusion of everything else which may interfere with Cuba.

Marcy will resist this programme, and will have to go out. He is too slow—the Kitchen Cabinet are in the conspiracy. They believe that the President's position can be only retrieved by war, or a strong counter-revolution on our foreign affairs, against the political excitement at home. If Marcy goes out, the plan of Soule and the message to Congress will probably tell the whole story. The issue is between the Congress at Ostend and our Premier. If the former triumphs we are authorized to say that we shall have Cuba in less than six months—no matter how. If the more pacific policy of Marcy is adopted by the President, it is reported that Soule and Buchanan will resign and return home to agitate the question here—Sanders remaining to keep the pot boiling on the other side.

Soule, it is said, will not return to Madrid through France—he will not even go to Paris to partake of the banquet proposed to be given him there; but will take the steamer San Jacinto, at Southampton, direct for Spain, the ship having been detained by Mr. Buchanan for the revolutionary affiliations of Soule in London will result in still more aggravating complications with France and Spain. Hence Marcy is gloomy and taciturn. He evidently suspects the plot against him—the troubles in embryo—and is sorely perplexed. Pierce will not listen to the recall of Soule, as matters stand. They have gone too far. Marcy will, therefore, be compelled to allow